

1867

Atkinson, Annie

Susan Hale

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A very gentlemanly little fellow. From
 Rm Thursday was my birthday -
 Mr Jamil sent me a gorgeous bouquet
 of 67 exquisite roses (I counted
 them) and a long box containing
 an amber necklace with gold
 majigs hanging from it. - Wasn't
 it perfectly jilly. - Sue brought me
 a bangly ^{gilt} gold clasp and belt
 at an Arab Bazaar, and Charley
 gave me a lovely ^{fat} blank book
 with drawing-paper leaves for a
 kind of Journal of this trip.
 Then Hassan came in, that morning,
 he brought ^{me} a big bunch of flowers
 about two feet across, which he
 presented with a lovely grin. And
 we had a bottle of Champagne at
 dinner. Wasn't it odd on my birthday
 to stand out on the balcony in my
 bare feet arranging my roses? a
 perfectly lovely warm day, - trees green
 birds singing, sun shining. - Mr
 Lawrence gave me a little riding whip (for donkeys)

Dec 8. Sunday evening
 Cairo. Egypt 1867
 Dear Annie - I've got your
 letter of Nov - , just after
 you had received my Photogram
 I'm horrid sorry there was such
 a gap in my letters then. It
 is true, I couldn't find the heart
 to write to you for a long time,
 and then besides, we were going
 further off - but now that I hear
 from you, I feel like writing to you
 more than I do. I hope
 you won't get tired of my letters!
 I had that Photograph taken as
 a surprise to amuse you - but after
 it was done I hated it so that
 I resolved not to send any of them
 home - then changed my mind on the
 Mediterranean. - Now I'm amazed that you
 like it. The dress is a great deal better
 really - and such a comfort

I shall take South as up the River, and try to get at it again
 I shall take South as up the River, and try to get at it again
 I shall take South as up the River, and try to get at it again

I have lots to tell you - Don't know
where to begin - We are going up
the Nile this week, or early next,
and Mr and Mrs Lecky have come
here to go with us - Don't that jolly!
They were in Switzerland, and Charles
sent to invite them to with us and
they are actually now at Charles's
house in Alexandria - and coming
here Wednesday. We are mild to see
them - You know they are the ones
who were at our house two summers.
You know him very much; and Mr L.
is very agreeable, and Charles ^{and we all} like
him - We are going in a steamboat
which is much more swell than
the sail-boats called "Sakebiaks" like
those the Rodmans, Lawdence and
Tuckers go in - Much larger and
more comfortable, and altogether
more distinguished - I shall go
steaming by them on the river -
and stop and make a call ^{on them} and

they will all lie down and foam
at the mouth - In fact we are
bigger people here than any of them;
whatever our friends may think of
us at home - which you'll excuse
my mentioning it, and pray don't
read such a stuck-up remark
to the Loring's &c.! (Nice plan you German
how you'll get ahead of me)
We shall take books and work, &
I believe the Peaco, and paint of
course - and just lollop on the
deck with an awning, and eat
delicious things, and stop when we
please to go on shore, and ride on
donkeys to see Ruins - What fun
I wish you were going. Fanny the
maid goes, - and Hassan who is
a love - and Mr Sawil who is
"Dragoman of the Consulate" a very
distinguished young gentleman ^{of high birth}, in a
ke, but otherwise clothed like a
Christian - wears light gown, & can talk
English.

dine with them on Christmas Day,
if we don't get too far ahead of
them - The Rodmans got off yester-
day - we paid them a visit on their
"Dahabiah" the day before. It looked
very cosy and nice - little cabins for
Eck and a saloon where their books
and work were spread about. - but
our boat will be bigger. By the way
Charles don't want us to prattle about
our boat, so just quietly tell people
we are going up the Nile, will you,
mind now, Annie, for he is very particular.
Tell Mary Ansell that Emma^{R.} had me a
letter she had just got from here. I'm
amused to hear they are settled at the
Shermin. - I hope I shall hear details
soon - This is the queerest town I've ever
seen; - I shall describe it in some other
letter which perhaps you will see. I
am a great deal happier here than
anytime since leaving home. I expect
to enjoy the Nile. So with love, I'm sure
write too much - I'm loving Susan -

Cairo is delightful, awfully nicer
than Alexandria, and we have
moved all our traps up here
and shall be here a good while
after we come back from up
river. We are at a great big
English Hotel, which only opens
today and we are the only people
in it. Everything is in a half
finished state from the Roof down
to the coffee-cups, and the English
are so "stuck in the mud" (I
beg I'm paid) but I really
think the English are awfully stupid
that it seems as if they never
could get things under way, which
makes us rather mad, and we
sow and sow at them a good
deal. - but the rooms are princely
and the cook is French & feed delicious

The only other people as yet at
the table & 'hote' are Mr Forest
a Director of the Hotel Company
I call him especially "Stick - in
the Mud," for he is a perfect Mr.
He has his hair parted in the
middle and a loose beard like
your brother's - but I'm glad to say
the likeness extends no further - Then
there is Mr Thompson, a young ap-
^{only he is not,} pealing, fascinating, with - a light-mous-
tache Englishman, the Architect of
the House, who is really quite pleas-
ant, and I think I shall flirt
with him a little. He is going to
get me a hawk's wing for my
hat, and he has offered me a
puppy five weeks old. Our rooms
are at the corner of the house
with a stone balcony running all

round, where we sit and look out
on a lovely wide view of sky
and trees and Donkeys and Camels.
I began a little sketch this P.M.
I hope I shall have lots to take
home. Charley generally goes to
another Hotel, but it is small
and he gave up the rooms he
usually has to the Lamruces. We
dined there yesterday with them
and had rather a good time. The
Lamruces and their young men are
here, "Billy Horn," "Lamruce Mason"
and Arthur Lamruce. The latter
is very pleasant and sweet. I
^{I suppose Mary Hurlbut knows him -} think he means to be a clergy-
man - Episcopal - but he has a
good deal of fun, - and is handsome
and gentle. He has been here to
see us - he shares my enthusiasm
for riding on Donkeys - We shall see
them all in the River, and perhaps

Knocks in the head that
pretty little scheme which
Martha and I concocted for
him last summer. So remind
her of that and give her
my condolences. It must be
said that as he is away, per-
haps nothing could have been
done about it. - I thought at
first I would write and comfort
about Mr J. W. C. - for at heart
I wish him most cordially every
happiness. - Hope the little
wreck will behave well. You
may tell him so, if you please
when you see him, only put it
in the form of a graceful and
decorous message from me. There
I think I have now presented
for you a difficult task. By the
way, if the wedding-present for
him is still in contemplation,
I wish you would get some
capitalist to advance for me
the same subscription to it
that the rest of you give, for
I should be sorry not to join.
I'll restrain myself in Paris
coming home in order to meet
the occasion.
There is another thing I wish you
would do (see how natural
it is to make you write) &
that is if you happen to see
dear Bicknell would lose any
when tell him I was sorry
to leave the country without
seeing him again. - I thought of
him in Paris and wished I had
some of his advantages for seeing
pictures. - I didn't see much - Per-
haps Mary has showed you on

The only (pictorial) works of
Art in Alexandria are six or
eight water color sketches by
Miss Susan Hale of America.
They are chiefly taken at Athassat
in that country, but one is a
Date Grove with an Oasis in
it. The flowers are delightful
& faint, and I take every
chance of getting hold of them
& copy. The other day I went
to a garden (like Beegaris) which
is quite near here, and bought
two or three gorgeous flowers for a
franc. I had a sweet conversation
with Madame Winterstein the
owner-ess. She is German, but
talks also Turkish, Arabic, Greek,
Wallachian & Italian. She reads
English, she says, and understands French
but does not readily speak the last two.

So I talked to her in French and
she spoke Italian which I can
understand pretty well, but am
not fluent (!) at. It is a poly-
glot place, and every body has
as many tongues as fingers, and
at his fingers' ends - Italian is
the most common in the streets.
Almost all the Arabs - or at
least a great many, - speak Ita-
lian, and all the Italian Arabs.
These are jattering away under our
windows all the time in either lan-
guage. French isn't much good in the
streets, though it's talked in the
shops that we go to - and most
of our visitors talk French, being
some other kind of thing. I must
acquire fluent Italian. When I come
home I will rack you a little Arabic
at least enough to show you how
ridiculous the Grammar is.

I've made the following conclusions
in travelling-

1. That America is the Only Place to
live in -
2. That all Americans ought to go
abroad for a little while at least
if it were only to arrive at con-
clusion 1.
3. That they have several little dodges
on this side which it would be very
well to introduce on ours. - For instance
lunches in 'clafes', - as we live here. -
breakfast at 12 o'clock &c. How do
you think the breakfast would
work - with coffee at 9 in your
room - Inconvenient for school maams,
hey? - If I had had true consideration
for you I should have postponed
this letter perhaps till we got to
Cairo, for everybody says that is
much more Oriental than this

got very intimate with Corot,
Miller and all of them. But
in fact I was very frivolous in
Paris, and forgot that "I've got
talent". Took-a-fail - I should
great talent in Confiscus' shops
and noticed in Books greatly.
It was very ^{good} fun and in the
hats of distance appears Egyptian.

At the Louvre one day we
met Miss Adams copying away
a sweet little figure. She
looked wildly at us for a moment
and then came out of her
artistic visions and got used
to seeing the Trustees Hall of Bos-
ton in that unexpected manner. -
The only thing that kept me alive
in the Louvre picture gallery was
a pocketful of delicious bon-bons.
As for Peter Paul Rubens, he is like
a right mare to me yet.

place, and the Pyramids and
things are all there - But
I wanted not to go to de-
lay - & I will write again. I
think Alexandria sufficiently
odd and strange in spite of
what the people say. Every after-
noon I sit on the balcony &
look down into the street &
watch the extraordinary things
going on all the time. I believe
I like best the Syces (don't
know how to spell them) - the
small camels all have a fleet
Arab who runs before to clear
the street. No matter
the horses are going
is bounding on quickly
in front, very graceful
and lithe, his long
brown arms and legs

J. Hale 1867
I had seen him at Enon
"has gone home" -
"Johnston" -
loose white sleeves & trousers;-
a red gilet-jacket and waist
worked with gold, often, and
a red fer on his head with
long black tassels, - and a long
wand in his hand. I don't see
how they can keep up going so
fast, and in the hottest wea-
ther. The carrier turns corners,
stops, goes on again without
any sign to the eye. He has
to keep looking back to be sure
he is right, and perhaps gets
quite on in the wrong direction.
Then he has to go it, - to get back

front of his carrier
this is a stupid letter
Annie, but I hope it will
that "the change" is being
for me. I am often very
and especially on account
nearly and the others much
home but nevertheless I am

Successful

To Miss Annie Atkinson

Alexandria, Egypt,
November 23, 1868.

My dear Annie,

I wish this letter had got to you earlier, for I have romanced about writing to you ever since our first week in Paris; you are angelic not to wait, but to send me the delightful sheet which arrived a few days ago (dated Oct. 20th). I haven't had much Brookline news before, and it's refreshing. I find it difficult to imagine you all muddling along at Sunday school and so on, instead of looking at donkeys and Camels from a balcony paved with blue and green China tiles. # # # #

There must be Art of course to be got at in Paris, but it don't present itself on the surface. Mrs. Darrah was very discouraging about the possibility of women's seeing or doing anything. I think she was much disappointed, for her intention was to paint with Couture or that other man that begins with M,--do I mean Daubigny?--but she says they won't have anything to do with our sex. Cependant, as the French say every other minute, I thought she showed a want of enterprise, and if I had been there longer I know I should have got very intimate with Corot, Millet and all of them. But in fact I was very frivolous in Paris, and forgot that "I've got talent" tout a fait. I showed great talent in Confiseurs' shops and rejoiced in Boots greatly. It was very good fun and in the halo of distance appears Elysium. At the Louvre one day we met Miss Adams copying away a sweet little Greuze. She looked wildly at us for a moment and then came out of her artistic visions and got used to seeing the Misses Hale of Boston in that unexpected manner. The only thing that kept me alive in the Louvre picture-gallery was a pocketful of delicious bon-bons. As for Peter Paul Rubens, he is like a nightmare to me yet.

The only (pictorial) works of Art in Alexandria are six or eight water color sketches by Miss Susan Hale of America. They are chiefly taken at Cohasset in that country, but one is a Date Grove with an Arab in it. The flowers are delightful to paint, and I take every chance of getting hold of them to copy. The other day I went to a garden (like Beegan's) which is quite near here, and bought two or three gorgeous flowers for a franc. I had a sweet conversation with Madame Winterstein the owner-ess. She is German, but talks also Turkish, Arabic, Greek, Wallachian and Italian. She reads English, she says, and understands French, but don't readily speak the last two, so I talked to her in French and she spoke Italian which I can understand pretty well, but am not fluent (!) at. It is a polyglot place, and everybody has as many tongues as fingers, and at his fingers' ends. Italian is the most common in the streets. Almost all the Arabs,--or at least a great many,--speak Italian, and all the Italians Arabic. These are jabbering away under our windows all the time in either language. French isn't much good in the streets, though it's talked in the shops that we go to, and most of our visitors talk French, being some other kind of thing. I

must acquire fluent Italian. When I come home I will teach you a little Arabic, at least enough to show you how ridiculous the grammar is.

I've made the following conclusions in travelling:

1. That America is the Only Place to live in.
2. That all Americans ought to go abroad for a little while, at least if it were only to arrive at conclusion 1.
3. That they have several little dodges on this side which it would be very well to introduce on ours. For instance, houses in etages,--as we live here,--breakfast at 12 o'clock, etc. How do you think the breakfast would work, with coffee at 9 in your room. Inconvenient for school ma'ams, hey?

If I had had true consideration for you I should have postponed this letter perhaps till we get to Cairo, for everybody says that is much more Oriental than this place, and the Pyramids and things are all there. But I wanted not longer to delay, and I will write again. We think Alexandria sufficiently odd and strange in spite of what the people say. Every afternoon we sit on the balcony and look down into the street to watch the extraordinary things going on all the time. I believe I like best the Syses (don't know how to spell them); the swell carriages all have a fleet Arab who runs before to clear the street. No matter how fast the horses are going, he is bounding on quite in front, very graceful and lithe, (picture) his long brown arms and legs coming out of loose white sleeves and trousers; a red Greek facket and sash worked with gold, often, and a red fez on his head with long black tassel,--and a long wand in his hand. I don't see how they can keep up going so fast, and in the hottest weather. The carriage turns corners, stops, goes on again without any sign to the syse. He has to keep looking back to be sure he is right, and perhaps gets quite on in the wrong direction. Then he has to go it, to get back and well in front of the carriage.

I believe this is a stupid letter my dear Annie, but I hope it will show you that "the change" is being very good for me. I am often very homesick, and especially on account of Annie Bursley and the others must regret not being at home, but nevertheless I am very happy and well; and look back on last summer with a shiver thinking what an infliction my depressed and irritable condition must have been to my friends. Your letter is all right. Don't hesitate to use the Despatch bag via Washington, and Do Write. My love to Percy and Martha when you see them.

Truly yours,
Susie H.

S. Hale 1868

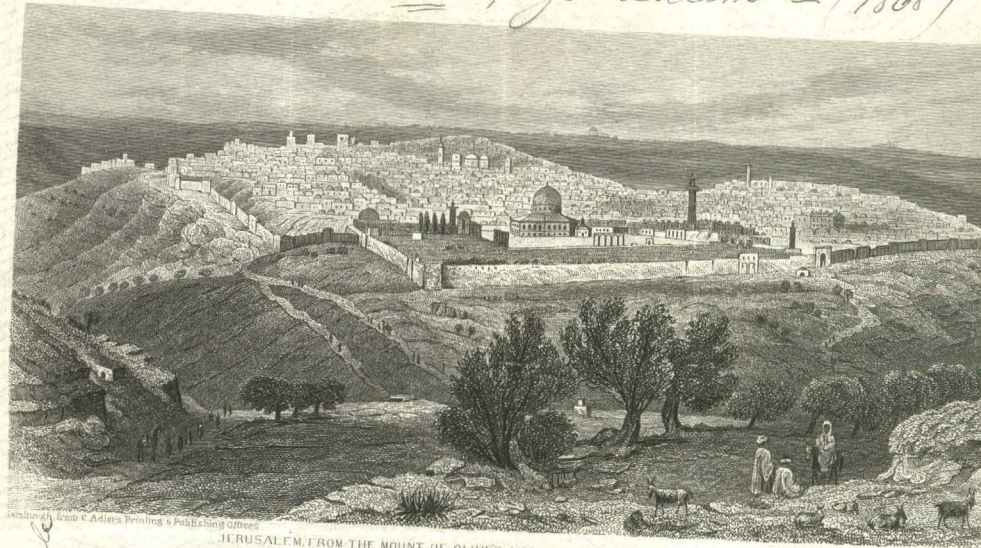
& Bethlehem and Ticho. There
have been plans of going to Acre
with and the Sea of Galilee &
over to Damascus, but she is not
quite up to so much work, and
though I rather hanker after these
places - I'm delighted to have done
so much - and besides I believe
it makes us sooner home.

Harriet Martineau

I got your letter just before this time
I'm very glad to hear that Martha's
Engagement is really out. I'm not sure
that I entirely approve of it - but
it is a very happy thing for her
& I can be fairly settled (appa-
rently) and ^{especially} you must feel it
It strikes me Marry & I don't deserve
your praise of mortification. We were
bursting with curiosity all summer
and if we didn't pump you, it must
have been on account of your extreme
pricket-fencitude if you'll excuse the
expression. Give my love to Martha and
the two I wish her all manner of happiness
and moreover congratulate her on being outside
the Scholmarm Phalanx. Now don't resent this
my dear. It's all very well for you & me - but for these

young and frail persons

Easter, Jerusalem - (1868)



Dear Annie, I woke up just at
dawn this morning, and heard
all kinds of bells ushering in
Easter - the streets were full of
jattering Muslims and shuffling
footsteps - I thought of you all
at home, and wondered who was
trekking the church, and remembered
the way the lovely flowers smell
as we are arranging them - I don't
not strange to be here on this
day! - It there are so many non-
Christian influences, and the so-called
Christian ones are so far from over

High Muslim Altar
Brookline -

faith, that one might better be
in the middle of a desert. But
for all that it is Jerusalem -
the very scene with the very
hills "looking down on it where
Christ" rose from the dead."

In the afternoon we walked out
to Bethany, over the Mount of
Olives, and, for ourselves, imagined
where might be the spot where
the disciples met the angel who
said "Ye men of Israel" - & "He
is not here but risen" - I don't re-
member just the words - I can't think
how real and vivid it makes the

whole story & he is the very
neighborhood - the only wonder
is that 1800 years should have
passed and left so much as
it was then - It might have
happened yesterday. We passed
a great flock of sheep following
their shepherd chirruping to them
and calling them along after
him - "for they know his voice" -
There are no roads for cars -
and no wheeled vehicles at all
only foot-paths with the people
striding along by the fig-trees
and olive trees, and the lilies
of the field."

April 15th
I have been interrupted, dear
Annie, and now we are all
packed and ready for the start
(on horses) for Jaffa and back to
Alexandria - We have been to Helwan
and the Jordan, and bathed in the
Dead Sea - (it was splendid!) and

homidly wrong thing which Bocher would
blush for! - So it goes. - The little
play was quite funny, and pretty
well acted (not equal to Brookline stars)
A lovely little stage and scenery had
been prepared by one of the actors
an energetic creature with a sm-
duple genius for scene-painting and
all that. - After the plays we had
supper and danced till two, madly
with light or too. Italian and French
partners, who dance delightfully and
are very polite and demonstrative -
I don't know half their names, and
it's no use asking, for I am told
in reply the "Bocchionelli" or some
crack-jaw thing which can't be re-
membered. It was a small occasion
and very easy and gay, quite like our
old times at home in Boston, or the
first dance given in Brookline, - but
entirely in our honour, and on healths
were drunk in every language under the
sun, with "Hip, hip, Hurra!" - It's funny
to dance in French - "Merci, Monsieur," "Parlez
Madame" or "N'importe ce n'est que le
bout de ma jupe, déchirez-le, si vous plait," &c

not to mention the mile
of gilt paper, and wooden swords -
They had a big nose, fiery cheeks
snacks, and saluted us as they
passed throwing up their heels like
young cobs. I'm sure I can't catch young
men in America lending themselves
to such an occasion!
I'm sorry I visit you so little, my
dear, and that it's so long since my
last - I got you last (Dec 22?) at
Camden where we came from the river.
I may think you know but you
don't, how I derive letters from home
and Brookline - Martha was bad not
to add a P.S. to your letter - but you
may (dearly) give my love to her.

Dec 25 '68
I wish Percy had acted
myself

I meant to have sent my special
love to Bessie before - I will now
enclose this bottom paper for her
which I got at the Grand Ball
of Antiochis which we went to
last week - Tell her there was a
whole room full of bon-bons and
sugarplums where everybody could eat
as much as they wanted to. - I
had to take out the sweet part of
this, as it's too heavy for a letter.

I thought of you last night, as
I usually do when I am wishing
an extra amount of French, wishing
I had the "verbs which take de" &
those "which take à" after them "at
my finger ends as you have doubtless
along with the rest of the Grammar
according to Saint Otto. We went to
Mme Barthons to a Play and Comic
Opera in Italian - and everybody
there except ourselves was Italian
or French, only one or two speaking
any English, - and most of them none.

I'd give two cents (and more) to have
you hear me blabbing away in the
French tongue - One or two carefully
premeditated sentences I can bring
out with ease, and I wish you
could hear me pronounce "du tout"
I may say I do it like a native;
but to be agreeable and piquant
in French, (as I have been sometimes
said to be in my native tongue)
that's the difficulty! I am rattling
off with Effusion some sparkling
sentiment, like a spirited courser,
- suddenly I find myself at the
brink of a frightful precipice -
"Susan! - You've got to introduce the
2^d person plural of the subjunctive
imperfect compound with re before
it and que after it and the parti-
ciple agreeing with the subject which
comes before and what quibble that
was you haven't the 1st idea!" - I
make a plunge - crash! - and for hours
after those echoes in my ear come

Went to bed and had moral reflections
on the folly of dancing at my time
of life, caused by horrid fatigue and
bones-ache - Which don't prevent my
accepting the first invitation which
comes afterwards -
Don't imagine us, however, very dissipated
in this way. - Going up River took
up off from the gaieties of Alexandria
and it certainly was a more rational
and National way of spending a
winter in Egypt & see the Antiquities
on the Nile, than in such frivolities
as are here described - I've only been
to three "busts" - this, & the big ball
alluded to, and a pleasant dance at
the Roberts's, English - The English set
here is as distinct from what they
call "the foreigners" as are the "Higher
and Lower Clases in Brookline" - more so
if you can imagine such a thing - there
is no high or low about it, - simply the

S. Holy 1868

Spheres don't touch - Our eldest Van
Lennep, who went up the Nile with
us is killing himself dancing out the
Carnival - Luckily Ash Wednesday is
tomorrow, and after that not a sign
of gaiety. The English, an embassy,
keep Lent, but don't keep Carnival.
I don't know why I tell you these things.

Think of all the gentle acrostics!
I congratulate Birkline - and console my-
self for not being in at the death by
thinking that I was a Pioneer and
a founder. Charlotte wrote me a very
funny letter about the first Parish So-
lennities at their house - Long may they
thrive. - It is six months all but ten days
since we sailed from New York. I can't
tell you how I long to be back - We are
"going into Syria" and to Sicily before
we go - but I think we must be at
home before June 1. - with lots to tell, a
few sketches, and other trophies of the
Nile & Egypt - Lucie is remarkably well. The

To Miss Annie Atkinson

Alexandria,
Feb. 25, 1868.

Dear Annie,

This is the last day of Carnival, and the streets are full of all kinds of jinks. Just now we went out on the balcony to see a mock regiment of soldiers with epaulettes of gilt paper, and wooden swords. They had on big-nosed, fiery cheeked masks, and saluted us as they passed, throwing up their heels like young colts. You wouldn't catch grown men in America lending themselves to such an occasion!

I'm sorry I write you so little, my dear, and that it's so long since my last. I got your last (Dec. 22) at Cairo, when we came down the river. You may think you know but you don't, how I devour letters from home and Brookline. ~~Martha was Bad not to add a P. S. to your letter, but you may (severly) give my love to her. I meant to have sent my especial love to Bessie before. I will now enclose this bonbon paper for her, which I got at the Grand Ball of Antoniadis which we went to last week. Tell her there was a whole room full of bon-bons and sugarplums where everybody could eat as much as they wanted to. I had to take out the sweet part of this, as it's too heavy for a letter.~~

I thought of you last night, as I usually do when I am risking an extra amount of French, wishing I had the "verbs which take de" and those "which take a after them" at my fingers ends as you have doubtless, along with the rest of the Grammar according to Saint Otto. We went to Mme. Barthows to a Play and Comic Opera in Italian, and everybody there except ourselves was Italian or French, only one or two speaking any English, and most of them none. I'd give two cents (and more) to have you hear me blazing away in the French tongue. One or two carefully premeditated sentences I can bring out with eclat, and I wish you could hear me pronounce "du tout" I may say I do it like a native; but to be agreeable and piquant in French (as I have been sometimes said to be in my native tongue), that's the difficulty! I am rattling off with effusion some sparkling sentiment, like a spirited courser,--suddenly I find myself at the brink of a frightful precipice--"Susan! You've got to introduce the 2nd person plural of the subjunctive imperfect compound with ne before it and que after it and the participle agreeing with the subject which went before and what gender that was you haven't the first idea!" I make a plunge--crash! and for hours after there echoes in my ear some horridly wrong thing which Bocher would blush for! So it goes. The little play was quite funny, and pretty well acted (not equal to Brookline stars). A lovely little stage and scenery had been prepared by one of the actors, an energetic creature with a wonderful genius for scene-painting and all that. After the plays we had supper and danced till two, madly, with eight or ten Italian and French partners, who dance delightfully and are very polite and demonstrative. I don't know half their names, and it's no use asking, for I am told in reply Mr. "Bocchio-nelli" or some crack-jaw thing which can't be remembered. It was

a small occasion and very easy and gay, quite like our old times at home in Boston, or the first Lancer sprees in Brookline, but entirely in our honour, and our healths were drunk in every language under the sun, with "Hip, hip, Hurra!" It's funny to dance in French. "Merci, Monsieur," "Pardon, Madame," or "N'importe ce n'est que le bout de ma jupe, déchirez-le, s'il vous plait," etc. Went to bed and had moral reflections on the folly of dancing at my time of life, caused by horrid fatigue and bones' ache, which don't prevent my accepting the first invitation which comes afterwards.

Don't imagine us, however, very dissipated in this way. Going up River took up off from the gaieties of Alexandria, and it certainly was a more rational and National way of spending a winter in Egypt to see the Antiquities on the Nile, than in such frivolities as are here described. I've only been to three "busts", this, and the big ball alluded to, and a pleasant dance at the Roberts's, English. The English set here is as distinct from what they call "the foreigners" as are the Higher and Lower classes in Brookline, more so if you can imagine such a thing,--there is no high or low about it, simply the spheres don't touch. Our sweet Van Lenness, who went up the Nile with us is killing himself dancing out the Carnival. Luckily Ash Wednesday is tomorrow, and after that not a sign of gaiety. The English, au contraire, keep Lent, but don't keep Carnival. I don't know why I tell you these things.

Think of all the Double Acrostics! I congratulate B'kline, and console myself for not being in at the Death by thinking that I was a Pioneer and a founder. Charlotte wrote me a very funny letter about the first Parish Solemnity at their house. Long may they Wave.

It is six months all but ten days since we sailed from New York. I can't tell you how I long to be back. We are "going into Syria" and to Suez before we go,--but I think we must be at home before June 1.--with lots to tell, a few sketches, and other trophies of the Nile and Egypt. Luc. is remarkably well. She stands these balls and dances as well as I do, not to mention the Nile excursions, and when I lent her a white skirt recently she had to put a copious piece of tape in the button-hole before it would fasten.

You'll see you'll have time to write again, dear Annie. Love to all my friends that are your friends.

Yours,
Susie.

make it worth waiting - Therecom
in are, my dear Annie, I hope
it won't be out of your reach
I can imagine a worse fate than
to be one of your Boston Chents,
to be dropped in upon after school
with your bag on your arm - I
shall give you Turkish Coffee, &
get out the Dictionary and Lasso
at once - This means in short
that I suppose the Brookline
House will be let, and that
we shall board somewhere in
Boston; but please don't talk
at all about it; - for indeed no-
thing can be settled till we
discuss matters with Edward &
Nathan - I suppose the air is
thick with rumours - but it won't
be very hard on Nathan for him to
hear his future settled before he has
^{been} asked himself! And I only want
my own ideas without knowing theirs.

Alexandria, May 13. '68.

My dear Annie - I want you to
make an engagement to read
"Lasso's Jerusalem delivered"
with me next winter, with you?
I'm so up on Jerusalem you
know, I can expound where all
the Camps were - It's some
years since I read the same
or parts thereof when I was
a small chaffy headed young
ling at Mr Abbott's school, when
my object was to receive as
little of the subject as possible
Now I want to do it very much
especially alas - as I have been
studying Italian Exercises, and
dabbling in General with the Cam-
pagna. Won't it be nice? I should
like to begin this summer, but

who knows where I shall be, or
you? It is to meet on a
rock by the sea, pray let us
both come armed with Pocket
Lassos and a Dictionary, this
latter to me a very important
item. I hope and don't doubt
the joyful news has reached you
that we are coming home by or
before July 1st. — I shall pass
the summer, I suppose, rushing
about & see every body — I should
like to settle down somewhere,
and, enfin get out of my trunks
permanently — but on the other
hand, I must see every body, —
and in summer everybody is so
scattered! — I can't at all make
up my mind what to do first
(of course Edward's is our real
starting point) — I think I

see myself most often in the
corner of our (once alas!) pew,
listening to Dr. Hodge — That place
will always be home to me, in
spite of the bitter changes. Mary's
letters are still undecided about
the Cohasset house. I hope
she will be there on my account
for I should delight to be there
two or three weeks — but on the
whole I doubt if it's the most
satisfactory plan for them. I
must do some dash home — Now
I wonder what your plans are —
I want to talk with you, my
dear sympathizer, about my
future plans — How glad you will
be to find me in a much more
cheerful & rational state than
when last we talked together.
I won't say anything more here
for nothing is enough settled to

By the way I found that the
"Unhonoured Tomb" and all that
in Ammonite and Nautilus, is
Marcean. Have you found that
out, long ago? But remember
that we haven't seen the Key -
I begin to long to, in order to com-
pare it with some of our answers
a few of which I am quite sure
are wrong. - If I were going
to London I should inquire for
other Double Acrostic books by the
same Authors - all the others I
have seen appear very inferior.

It has begun to be very warm
here; something quite beyond your
ideas of heat - Last night at
midnight the thermometer was at
75! What makes it soaring is
this keeping on without any varia-
tion except for hotter - It has been
so about three days now, but the
people expect it to last four months.

We hear here a week from Saturday
for Brindisi, Milan, Geneva,
Leuchatel, Paris! - How it sounds -
But it is a very mild and sim-
ple way of doing it - with a
small taste of Switzerland -
As we are alone, Charles thinks
it not advisable to take a
private route - and I agree with
him, for I hate single female
travelling. Won't it be funny to
come back without seeing
England! - When Mr. Old Mr.
Stanley, the English Consul, here
was perfectly scandalized, "Not
see England!" he cried - the
thing was impossible - I assured
him we would speak favorably
of the specimens of the English
Race we have met here - but
that didn't appease him - That
anybody should go so near England
without snapping up one of its

Still & a magnet, seems incredible
to the English. It is a pity; but
if in that way, it would
be only to rush through London
& Liverpool - which would tire
Lucietta, and bother me - To stay
a month in England and mix
with the nobility and a few
of the better sort of Gentry would
be delightful - but that would
be impossible; and I'm glad it
is for it would keep us a month
more from Home -

How stupidly I am writing all about
nothing but our Plans - but
don't forget Tasso - and don't be-
gin it before hand; unless indeed
I'm have already -

I must tell you we are des-
perately striving to finish the
Doubt Acrostics before showing
our faces to the Grand Champions
across the Atlantic. Ten remain,

which bother us dreadfully. Charles
has a good many books of refer-
ence which have served us
splendidly, but there are some
Scott & Moore, for instance, which
we want dreadfully. I'm found
only a few days ago, a complete
Edition of Byron which fills lots
of gaps. I have read it straight
through, for quotations, coming
on them at every page. What
millions of things about Moslems
he has - Very amusing and that
I'm so up on Turks and Turbans,
all these things which were
quite lost on my youthful brain
at the first reading. Though to
tell the truth, I never read Byron
much, not on account of Morality,
but that chronic dislike for
Literature in General which is
a fatal defect in my Composition -
I think I'm improving a little

No wonder they all look sad and
gloomy, and begin to doop before
hand, just with the recollection
of former years. Every body who
can goes away - The small talk
is - "The Oppenheims are going the
19th" - "Ah, indeed - so is Mrs Kay,
you know" - and "Goodbye" at
every turn - Of course its de-
pressing to those who are left -
Among which we are not, I'm
glad to say! I'm very for Charles
but he is very well, and thinks
he has had such a jolly
winter he can afford to live
through the summer on the
recollections of the Nile, Syria
&c. Just imagine me in my
barège, and Lucretia in a light
muslin, on the 13th of May! To-
day we had little apricots after
dinner, which ripened in the open
air! - And yesterday, down

S. Hale 1868

We saw a whole house and
balcony covered with Passiflora -
floribunda, full of big blue-ish
purple blossoms - They in fact
ran two seasons here - Last au-
tumn the vines and thimp were
all in splendor; they stopped
a little while in winter, but
now are blossoming again. Soon
the heat and dust will dry
everything up and make the
land more bare and desolate
than our cold con - Its a
hateful climate - Sir Milton
you a desperately dull letter,
my dear Annie, - You observe
the chief item is that we
are coming home, which fills
my brain to the exclusion of
more instructive ideas -
Love to all the faithful -
Always, Yours Sincere Hale.

To Miss Annie Atkinson

Alexandria,
May 13, 1868.

My dear Annie:

I want you to make an engagement to read Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" with me next winter, will you? I'm so up on Jerusalem you know, I can expound where all the Camps were. It's some ages since I read the same or parts thereof when I was a small shaggy headed young imp at Mr. Abbot's school, when my object was to receive as little of the subject as possible. Now I want to do it very much, especially also as I have been writing Italian Exercises, and dabbling in general with the language. Won't it be nice? I should like to begin this summer, but who knows where I shall be, or you? If we do meet on a rock by the Sea, pray let us both come armed with Pocket Tassos and a Dictionary, this latter to me a very important item.

I hope and don't doubt the joyful news has reached you that we are coming home by or before July 1st. We shall pass the summer, I suppose, rushing about to see everybody. I should like to settle down somewhere and enfin get out of my trunks permanently,--but on the other hand, I must see everybody,--and in summer everybody is so scattered! I can't at all make up my mind what to do first. (Of course Edward's is our real starting point). I think I see myself most often in the corner of our (once alas!) pew, listening to Dr. Hedge. That place will always be home to me, in spite of the bitter changes. # # # # #

We leave here a week from Saturday for Brindisi, Milan, Geneva, Neufchatel, Paris! How it sounds. But it is a very mild and simple way of doing it, with a small taste of Switzerland. As we are alone, Charles thinks it not advisable to take a wider route, and I agree with him, for I hate Single Female travelling. Won't it be funny to come back without seeing England! When we told Mr. Stanley, the English Consul, he was perfectly scandalized, "Not see England!" he cried, the thing was impossible. I assured him we would speak favorably of the specimens of the English Race we have met here, but that didn't appease him. That anybody should go so near England without snapping up on it as a steel to a magnet, seems incredible to the English. It is a pity; but if we went that way, it would be only to rush through London to Liverpool, which would tire Lucretia, and bother me. To stay a month in England and mix with the Nobility and a few of the Better Sort of Gentry would be delightful, but that would be impossible; and I'm glad it is, for it would keep us a month more from Home.

How stupidly I am writing all about nothing but our Plans, but don't forget Tasso, and don't begin it beforehand; unless indeed you have already.

I must tell you we are desperately striving to finish the Double Acrostics before showing our faces to the Proud Champions across the Atlantic. Ten remain which bother us dreadfully. Charles has a good many books of reference which have served us splendidly, but there are some Scott and Moore, for instance, which we want dreadfully. We found only a few days ago, a complete Edition of By-

ron which fills lots of Gaps. I have read it straight through, for quotations, coming on them at every page. What millions of things about Moslems he has. Very amusing now that I'm so up on Turks and Turbans, all these things which were quite lost on my youthful brain at the first reading. Though to tell the truth, I never read Byron much, not on account of Morality, but that chronic dislike for Literature in General which is a fatal Defect in my Composition. I think I'm overcoming it a little. # # # #

It has begun to be very warm here; something quite beyond your ideas of heat. Last night at midnight the thermometer was at 75°! What makes it wearing is this keeping on without any variation except for hotter. It has been so about three days now, but the people expect it to last four months! No wonder they all look sad and gloomy, and begin to droop beforehand, just with the recollection of former years. Everybody who can goes away. The small talk is, "The Oppenheims are going the 19th." "Ah, indeed,--so is Mrs. Kay, you know." and "Goodbye" at every turn. Of course it's depressing to those who are left, among which we are not, I'm glad to say! I'm sorry for Charles; but he is very well, and thinks he has had such a jolly winter he can afford to live through the summer on the recollections of the Nile, Syria, etc. Just imagine me in my barege, and Lucretia in a light muslin, on the 13th of May! Today we had little aprictos after dinner, which ripened in the open air! And yesterday, driving, we saw a whole house and balcony covered with Passion-flowers, full of big blue-ish purple blossoms. They in fact have two seasons here. Last autumn the vines and things were all in splendor; they stopped a little while in winter, but now are blossoming again. Soon the heat and dust will dry everything up and make the land more bare and desolate than our cold can. It's a hateful climate.

I've written you a desperately dull letter, my dear Annie. You observe the chief item is that we are coming Home, which fills my brain to the exclusion of more Instructive Ideas. Love to all the faithful.

Always yours,
Susie Hale.

S. Hale 1869

as he could be Tasso,
but Tasso acted aw-
fully and kept making
loose and flinging his
arms round Leonora
d'Este's neck which
she nor nobody else
could approve, so they
put him in a first class
Insane Asylum where
he had all the Modern
Conveniences - in spite of
which he wrote the most
lugubrious things, so that
Byron and all the rest
got mad and abused the
Duke. Now statistics of

Let us however believe
that he will
have plenty upon
this that the
 Duke was a
great. Always your
idea. I think
that you & I
{ Annie B. }
{ Percy } and { myself }
should have separate
Kite-i-Kite Radios of
Don Tasso on the off
wheels, — as of course
it is much easier for
these pairs to meet than
the Grand Quartette. In
this way we should
get the Old Boy along

faster, otherwise I
fear the second Advent
will arrive and we
shall have the Jews
taking Jerusalem again
before we get it delivered
for the first time - Of
course you'll say that
"I know so much more"
and all that (I hear
you!) that ^{Mr. Lee} ~~we~~ should
get on faster - but I
don't believe it - and
we might set brief
stunts to Frauchin be-
fore our Grand Thursday,

This has just
occurred to me between
broadcasting a sleep &
attacking my Italian
Exercise - I haven't
consulted A. B. - and
perhaps nobody will
approve -

I read the preface
after you were gone the
other day, from which
it appeared that Duke
Alfonso d'Este was a
very worthy Old Cus
who tried to do as well

To Miss Annie Atkinson

Jan. 4, 1869.

Dear Annie,

Ecco l'idea! What do you think of this plan. That's you and Annie B. should have separate tete-a-tete readings of dear Tasso on the off weeks,--as of course it is much easier for these pairs to meet than the Grand Quartette. In this way we should get the Old Boy along faster, otherwise I fear the Second Advent will arrive and we shall have the Jews taking Jerusalem again before we get it delivered for the first time. Of course you'll say that "I know so much more" and all that (I hear you!), that we two here should get on faster, but I don't believe it,--and we might set brief ~~stents~~ between our Grand Thursdays.

This has just occurred to me between overcasting a sleeve and attacking my Italian Exercise. I haven't consulted A. B. and perhaps nobody will approve.

I read the preface after you were gone the other day, from which it appeared that Duke Alfonso d'Este was a very worthy Old Cus who tried to do as well as he could by Tasso, but Tasso acted awfully and kept breaking loose and flinging his arms round Leonora d'Este's neck which she nor nobody else could approve, so they put him in a first class Insane Asylum where he had all the Modern Conveniences, in spite of which he wrote the most lugubrious things, so that Byron and all the rest got mad & abused the Duke. How statistics do destroy Romance! Let us however believe that he was trampled upon and that the Duke was a Beast!

Always yours,
Susie.

Luc. hasn't decided whether to come Saturday
or Monday. Effie will be clean Friday -
I try get back there - although I
fear the spell is broken in a measure -
but must do your sketch. You know, I
several other things -

People begin to look at me a little in-
tensely, and it's most any time, so the
Mr. - I wish you had heard me
say when it appeared you need not have
left York that day. Wish I had prevented
the talk from stopping - I thought Miss
Wyatt a nuisance, she has to be used as a thing.
Lon & Martha - Always yours truly Lucie H.

the slightest reference to
hides - It seemed smooth
and delightful - They moved
me from the Cabri place
to the Kuip' beach -

I'm on this second sheet
of the fact that time still
holds out, - I must be amused
and therefore will discourse
further - I've just come from
seeing Emma Rodman at
her sister's (Mrs Snelling) at
Woburn, and what do you
think they say? - They have
a nurse who lived with
them till Emma was eight
years old, and then she
married a York native,
named ---- Trafton! - Is
this your Angel? - She is a
pious woman, and brings
up her children with great

Care, and he is a real nice man. They
live in the Village, and the girls have
been to visit them, when they partook of
pickles and doughnuts for breakfast -
but they haven't a clear notion of
the locality, - or how near the River. His
name is Tobias - Do you know James. I
thought it quite funny. - but then very
likely they all ^{in York} are named Trafton.

I had a lovely sail with the Winsor -
Alfred's boat is just the right size, &
he manages it perfectly well. Percy
wanted to know all about York, and
of course I talked a steady stream
all the time. Hope they liked it. I have
not been to see the swan, which appears
stupid - but a succession of things
has interfered. I want to get there to-
morrow. -

I've got bullied into staying at B. till
Monday which I shall especially regret
if you go down Saturday - In fact it
works wrong in every way - but as I
had to take out there two days for Boston,
the Kings would not stand it. Is there
any chance of you in the 12 o'clock Monday?

with a very scientific stroke - and the
boat bounds over the water delightfully -
Only think what fun we should have
doing it! - I disgraced myself by
trying to row with one of them; of course
I couldn't all at once pull her stroke,
and I throttled and caught crabs and
pulled uneven and went on with glum
with the depths of my boots. - When it
was good discipline, and they instructed
me very considerably. Then I go back, I
shall try to be very scientific - After all
it is simpler rowing on the big brigs without

To Mrs
R. M. Staigg
Eastern R.R. Station! -
Wednesday morning,
August 18. 1869 -

Dear Annie -

On the way between
Wester and Beverly. I have
taken up in the Vic-
et Master's office to write
this and another note.

I should think he would
be mad with the constant
attacks upon him "Ticket
for Beverly!" - "Ticket for
Gloucester!" &c - I just heard
a voice say "I should think
that was Susie Hale!" I
recognized an acquaintance
through the window who was
a little amazed at me - for
I look already as if I lived
here -

But this is not the purpose so much
as thanking you for your note which I got
with joy yesterday - I'm thankful to know
you have come up in your absence from
New York. Snip it dearest - for although
Bivalve is really not so black as it is
painted, and the Kuip are most hos-
pitable, I feel painfully the shackles of
Civilization, and long often on Dorset
and the Head and Neck River -

I had the rarest occasion getting over
to Portsmouth with the dear Captain Juny,
but it's too long to write here - just got the
train by the skin of my teeth; but that
was better than studying the beauties
of P. to the extent you did. The good Capt.
got rather sentimental - I'm afraid 'tis his
way - or does it appertain to all Sea
Captains?

Anne Busby has disowned a clumsy boat
at Barstable, and a Confucial spirit, &
a youth who has taught her the true art
of feathering - so she is in Bliss - I went
out with Clara Hooper and J. Cabot in their
boat and was filled with jealousy and
envy - for they each pull two oars, (making 4)

To Miss Annie Atkinson

Eastern R.R. Station,
Wednesday morning,
August 18, 1869.

Dear Annie,

On the wing between Weston and Beverly. I have taken refuge in the Ticket Master's office to write this and another note. I should think he would go mad with the constant attacks upon him "Ticket for Beverly!" "Ticket for Gloucester!" etc. I just heard a voice say "I should think that was Susie Hale!" and recognized an acquaintance through the window who was a little amazed at me, for I look already as if I lived here.

But this is not to the purpose so much as thanking you for your note which I got with joy yesterday. I'm thankful to know you have borne up in your absence from dear York. I miss it dreadfully, for although Beverly is really not so black as it is painted, and the Kings are most hospitable, I feel painfully the shackles of civilization, and long for our Doorstep and the Head and Uncle Peter.

I had the rarest occasion getting over to Portsmouth with the dear Captain Young, but it's too long to write here, just got the train by the skin of my teeth; but that was better than studying the beauties of P. to the extent you did. The good Capt. got rather sentimental. I'm afraid 'tis his way, or does it appertain to all Sea Captains?

Anne Bursley has discovered a clumsy boat at Barnstable and a congenial spirit, and a youth who has taught her the true art of feathering, so she is in Bliss. I went out with Clover Hooper and S. Cabot in their boat and was filled with jealousy and envy, for they each pull two oars, (making four), with a very scientific stroke, and the boat bounds over the water delightfully. Only think what fun we should have doing it! I disgraced myself by trying to row with one of them; of course I couldn't all at once pull her stroke, and I wobbled and caught crabs and pulled uneven and went down with gloom into the depths of my boots. However, it was good discipline, and they instructed me very considerably. When I go back to York I shall try to be very scientific. After all it is simpler rowing on the big briny without the slightest reference to tides. It seemed smooth and delightful. They rowed me from the Cabot place to the King's beach. # # # # #

People begin to look at me a little vindictively, and it's most my time so I'll give over. # # # # #

Wednesday evening Dec 22. '69.

Dear Ann, I think
you will be pleased
(although amazed) to
learn that I at last
gathered force to go to
Bocher Knight, and
had a beautiful time -
It requires strength, and
courage, of mind and
body: - for it is an awful
distance, to walk down
Beacon and across Charles
alone at 9 o'clock of
a sloppy night - to
say nothing of things
that accumulate on
Wednesday. But I did it.

I was very afraid by your letter not
that I had misled you here one day -
and it seems an old story since I've
seen only of you - you know I've been
in a worse of body and every thing
else. Occasionally when a ^{coat} wrath of
work comes across my memory. it
seems like a different world with
a different inmate, from this
heated turmoil - don't worry of the future.
I expect to be at New - Always truly & fondly

1869

It was so nice - Wish
I could go - There
were very few there
tonight - chiefly gentle
males who followed with
the book, but seemed to
know a good deal, and
several maidens - B.
had his eye on me -
and when it was over
he approached and said
"Vous comprenez Français
parfaitement, Mademoiselle
Evidemment -"
That was nice, rather, wasn't
it? - & then we talked
a little in that divine

language, whereby he rapidly discerned
that my partner was quite inferior
to my companion - I did understand
every word - but he speaks very
loosely, and is very dramatic, so he
lost. I feel he quite agrees with
you B. & only about that whole
lot of reading - I begin with
his first & then next Tuesday, for
10 days (2 weeks vacation "Santaland")

To Miss Annie Atkinson

Dec. 22, 1869.

Dear Annie,

I think you will be pleased (although amazed) to learn that I at last gathered force to go to Bocher tonight, and had a beautiful time. It requires strength, now Annie, of mind and body,--for it's an awful distance to walk down Beacon and across Charles alone at nine o'clock of a sloppy night, to say nothing of things that accumulate on Wednesday. But I did it. It was so nice. Wish you could go. There were very few there tonight, chiefly gentle males who followed with the book, but seemed to know a good deal, and several maidens. B. had his eye on me, and when it was over he approached and said, "Vous comprenez Francais parfaitement, Mademoiselle, evidemment."

That was nice, rather, wasn't it? So then we talked a little in that divine language, whereby he rapidly discovered that my parler was quite inferior to my comprendre. I did understand every word, but he speaks very distinctly, and is very dramatic, is he not? In fact I'm quite eprise with your B. and only regret that I shall lose lots of readings. To begin with I'm going to Keene next Tuesday, for ten days (two weeks Vacation!!! Scandalous!)

I was sorry to find by your little note that I had missed you here one day, and it seems an age since I've seen any of you. You know I've been in a Vortex of Jarley and every thing else. Occasionally when a cool waft of York comes across my memory, it seems like a different world with a different inmate, from this heated turmoil. Love to Lizzy and your Mama. I expect to rest at Keene.

Always truly yours,
Susie.